"Who is Shale?"

Well, he's a sort of a pai of the

chief's-that is, he used to be. I dunno

exactly how to describe him. He and

Mr. Pollock were in on some deals to-

gether, and when the chief wanted

anything special done, he allus sent

Shate. Folks called Shale 'Jim's jackai."

of him, though, and took him around a

good bit. When he was good humored,

he used to say he took Shale along be-

cause he knew what he was up to

"When did this man Shale join Mr.

"After the show, or, rather, during it.

I had been off to get a snifter, and

when I came back Shale was sittin' in

"'I'm waitin' for Jim,' he says; and

I says, 'Go as far as you like,' So he

give me a cigar, and we sat there

smokin' till the show was over and

"Was Mr. Pollock surprised to see

"No. He was used to it. He seemed

"Did you drive direct to the Hotel

"And Mr. Shale went in with Mr.

"Oh, no, sir. As soon as the car stop-

ped he went off down the street and

Mr. Pollock went into the hotel alone."

unexpected witnesses had made a good

There was no doubt that both these

The district attorney was not pleased;

but Langdon, happy in the knowledge

that the terrible ordeal for Mary Page

was drawing to an end, left the court-

room that day feeling younger and full

But be hardly dured to dream his

[To be continued.]

Airedale Terriers.

Here is the case of a dog made to

order for a very definite purpose and

meeting all the specifications. The

Airedale as a breed is only a little over

half a century old. Yorkshire was his

birthplace. As to the work that the

new dog was expected to do, there

were foxes and badgers in the hills,

fields and woods. This meant that the

and must be equally at home in the

The breed found its way to this

country in the middle eighties and

soon caught on among the fanciers

despite the cry that no terrier should

His habit of working for a living has

kept the Airedale from becoming too

much the top of the shows and has given him many opportunities to show

his worth on the farm and in hunting.

He has the terrier willingness to tackle

anything without regard to size or

teeth. One thing the Airedale demands

is room. For that reason he is not an

ideal house dog. He is at his best in

the country with plenty of elbow room

Shale in the car he looked relieved."

when he was with him."

Pollock?"

Republic?"

Pollock?"

of power.

wonderful dream.

water and on land.

run above twenty pounds.

the car smokin'."

Mr. Pollock came out."

"Yes, sir, we did."

"Mr. Pollock seemed to think a lot



The Strange Case of

The Great McClure Mystery Story, Written by FREDERICK LEWIS In Collaboration With JOHN T. M'INTYRE, Author of the Ashton Kirk Detective Stories. Read the Story and See the Essanay Moving Pictures

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MARY PAGE, an actress, is accused of the murder of James Pollock, and is defended by her lover Philip Langdon. Pollock has been pursuing Mary for many months endeavoring to win her love and her hand in marriage, but his attentions have been very unwelcome to her.

Knowing her stage aspirations, be has, unknown to her, financed her starring tour under the management of Daniels.

On the night of the murder, Mary leaves the banquet hall in the Hotel Republic and enters the Gray Room alone expecting to meet Langdon. She has been lured there by Pollock, who has been drinking.

A few moments later a shot is heard and Langdon and others, upon entering the Gray Room find James Pollock shot through the heart and Mary Page tying. in a faint beside him with Pollock's revolver not six inches from the ends of her fingers.

At Mary's trial she admits she had the revolver. Pollock had

NEW CLEWS

"TF you please, Mr. Langdon, may I

ders winced and drew back a little.

interruptions by strangers.

"Who are you?"

speak to you a moment, sir?"

SYNOPSIS

invaded her dressing room at the theatre, Langdon had come to her rescue, the revolver had been knocked from Pollock's hand and Mary had seized and retained it. She had put it in her hand bag the night of the murder intending giving it to Langdon.

Her maid testifies that Mary threatened Pollock with it previously, and Mary's leading man implicates Langdon.

How Mary disappeared from the scene of the crime is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange hand print he saw on Mary's shoulder.

Further evidence shows that horror of drink produces temporary insanity in Mary.

The defense is "repressed psychosis." Witnesses described Mary's flight from her intoxicated father and her father's sul-

Nurse Walton describes the kidnaping of Mary by Pollock, and Amy Barton tells of Mary's struggles to become an actress, of Pollock's pursuit of her and of another occasion when the

••••••••••••••••••••••••••••

"Now," he said, "what about the guns?"

"Well, it's this way, sir," said James. twirling his hat in his nervous fingers. "I used to be in Mr. Pollock's room a lot, sir, and I knew all his guns. He had a lot of them-they were a sort of The deferential voice halted fad of his. There was two pairs of re-



"I could see that she hated him."

volvers-duellin' pistols, he called 'em -but that there gun in court ain't one

"It was his own special one. He had the barrel sawed off extra short so it would fit easy in his pocket. He showed it to me, and said that if anybody ever did for him, they'd have to move quicker than he did. And then, sir, it was his own gun that killed him. Life's a queer thing, ain't it?"

Langdon nodded vaguely, too disappointed at the failure of this new hope to pay much attention to what the

man was saying.
"I suppose," he said drily, "you won't mind telling that fact in court, will you?"

He looked sharply at the waiter,

"No, sir."

The waiter hesitated a moment, then flushed and stammered, "I-I wish it brought a flush of pride to the face might have been one of a pair, sir, if it of the older man. would have helped the young lady; my wife and I admired her picture so. I corridor again. took quite un interest, you see, being as how I knew him, sir. I'd seen her photograph in his room, too, and-I to Brennan, the detective, who had know what sort of a man he was. I figured in the trailing of Daniels, and ain't sorry he's dead, and I'd like to said quietly; help if I could.

arm and I could see that she hated him | an hour or two." and that he was makin' her life miserable by his attentions.

"I saw her that night, Mr. Pollock at the Hotel Republic, too. The man

000++++++++++++++000

smell of liquor drove Mary in-

There is evidence that Daniels, Mary's manager, threatened Pollock. Mary faints on the stand and again goes insone when a policeman offers her whisky.

Daniels testifies that Pollock threatened to kill Mary and Langdon and actually attempted to kill Langdon.

Two witnesses describe Mary's flight to the street from the hotel and her abduction by men from a gambling place near by. Further evidence seems to incriminate Danlels.

Maggie Hale, inmate of a gambling den, testifies that she was at the hotel and heard two men quarreling in the Gray Room a short time before the murder. Her evidence scents to increase suspicion against Daniels.

Daniels privately informs Langdon that Mary Page did not kill Pollock and that If Mary is in danger of going to the electric chair he will tell all he knows of

He broke off abruptly, then leaned forward staring up at Langdon, the life-long servility of the man who serves falling from blm for a minute as he said sharply:

"Mr. Langdon, Mr. Pollock bad a fight with somebody over the telephone at the club that night, and he didn't go to the Hotel Republic alone!"

Philip's exclamation was shrill in its excitement but before he could ask any questions that rushed to his lips. the bailiff rapped at the door, announcing that His Honor was ready to reopen court.

With a shrug of impatience Langdon gathered up the papers he had sung upon the table.

"I shall have to put you on the stand, and ask the questions I would | tions. like to ask now." he said to the waiter. You don't mind, I suppose?

There was a note of anxiety in his volce. "That is what I am here for, sir,"

said the little man with a calmness that was not without dignity. "My wife is in the court, sir, waiting to bear me." He spoke rather proudly; the atti-

tude of a waiter seemed suddenly to

rated, and then, having made up his gentlemen who live at the Club to look



"I'll have them here, air, don't you

Then he led the way out into the

At the door of the witness room he paused a moment and opening it, called

"I want James Pollock's chauffeur. "One night I saw him grab her by the If possible, have him in court within

"Yes, sir."

"And Brennan-get the carriage man gimme a pass, and afterwards I saw who was on duty in front of the hotel on the night Pollock was killed. It's first, then pleased. He was in a much

aportant. We must work quickly. There isn't a moment to lose." "I'll have them here, sir, don't you

And, sontching up his but, Brennen set off down the corridor at a brisk trot, the walter staring after him and godding with pleasure at being able to comprehend the orders that the lawyer lind given.

They can prove all I say, sir," he said to Laundon. "I hope it will belp. Shall you put me on the stand at

"Yes," said Langdon; "I'm going to call you the first thing. You mustn't be nervous about it, though. It's not really such an ordeal as It sounds."

"I shou't be nervous, sir," said the walter, but his face did pale a little when he saw the crowded room and the Indice.

He acted like a man who had never been in a court-room before.

He took the oath firmly, however, and his voice, though a bit shaky, was

"I ought not to tell that, though."

clear as be answered Langdon's ques-

His name, he said, was James Watson. He was forty-three years old and was employed as a waiter at the Criterion Club. "You see, sir," he went on confiden-

tially, "there is not enough work in the dining-room to keep us busy except at meal times. They keep one or two men on duty on account of orders for drinks, but the rest of us serve only at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. That leaves us some free time He was like a soldier who has hest- and we mostly have one or two of the aind to fight, goes invincibly to battle. after. I was man for Mr. Pollock. Langdon smiled, and clapped him on That is, I looked after his clothes and he shoulder in a friendly fashion that attended to his wants in the way of valeting." "Watson, when was the last time

you saw Mr. Pollock?"

"After the theatre, sir, on the night when he was-when he died."

He uttered the last phrase almost in a whisper; and there was the awe in his voice of the uneducated at the mention of death.

"Did he dine at the club?" "Yes, sir."

"Did he seem uneasy about any-

thing?"

Langdon was gaining confidence in this unrehearsed witness.

"Well, be had been drinking pretty heavily, and he was always ugly, if I may say so, sir, when he had been drinking. Maybe I ought not to tell that, though," the witness added, nervously putting his hand to his mouth. "He seemed excited, but I thought it

"Did he say anything about carrying a gun that night? Think now, before you reply."

was probably about the performance,

"No, sir," the waiter answered without the slightest hesitation. "But he swore when he came home that afternoon, sir, because his pet particular revolver had been taken away from

"Did he till you where or how he lost

"No, sir, he did not. There was no reason why he should, sir, for I was only his servant."

"Was it one of a pair of revolvers?" "No, sir. It was one he had had fixed especially to carry, sir."

"Watson, did Mr. Pollock telephone to anyone before or after dinner, that you know or ?"

somebody might hear, and lowered his

about what to do after the theatre?" "Yes. He said that I was to wait for "Yes, sir. He went direct to the 'phone him near the corner, instead of coming booth when he came in, and talked for | back after the show. 'I may need you.' he said, 'and I'd rather you'd wait. If a long time. He seemed very angry, and suddenly he shouted, 'Dash you, you stay at the corner I can see you. you'll do as I say or by -- I'll send whether I come out at the front of the you up. I've got the goods on you," theater or through the stage door." "Then he seemed to realize that-"He took a guest back to the hotel

he not?" voice. There was another call for him "No, sir." while he was eating and he went out, and answered it. He seemed augry at better temper when he came back."

limelight.

"No, sir."

the theatre with him?"

The witness wiped his brow, and "Oh, no-there was Shale. I thought glanced down at the spectators, as if you meant somebody else." looking for the sympathetic face of his

In his excitement, and because the next question came so fast, he did not

have a chance to see her. "Watson, you say you saw Mr. Pollock after the theatre-where?"

"I had been to the show, sir, and was coming out when I saw Mr. Pollock just ahead of mo. I thought he was looking for his limousine. I saw it and hurried up, intending to tell him where it was, when he caught sight of it himself. I was just behind him, therefore, when he stepped into it."

"Was there anyone in the automo

"Yes."

"Could you see them?" Langdon was overloyed at the ready

answers he was receiving. It he had trained this man for a cou-

ple of days he could not have asked for better results. "No. I could see an arm as somebody opened the door for Mr. Pollock, and I

this man in the machine?" heard a voice say, 'It's all right, chief. It's a cinch. to have been expectin' him. I saw him "Then the engine made such a noise I looking about in the crowd as if he couldn't hear any more. You know how was huntin' someone, and when he saw

those machines do drown out everything sometimes, sir." "Had you ever heard the voice be-

fore?" "I couldn't say, sir. I didn't notice." The bailiff came and whispered a word in Langdon's ear, handing him at

the same time a slip of paper. On It was scrawled: "Pollock's chauffeur, Carter, la la court. You can call him right away. I'll have the other here in a jiffy, Brennan

With a smile of relief Langdon turned back to his witness.

"Was that the last time you saw Mr. Pollocky "Yes, sir,"

"That is all, thank you, Mr. Wat-

And as the waiter stepped down with a smile on his face, Langdon

subl clearly: "Call Frank Carter."

There was a stir through the courtroom, and some commotion as the chauffeur got to his feet in confusion, and stared at Laugdon.

"D'you mean me?" he asked bluntly; and when the court crier repeated the name, "Frank Carter!" he scrambled over the intervening spectators and went down the room excitedly.

otters in the streams and hares in the "You were Mr. Pollock's chauffeur, all around dog must have courage, a keen nose, strength of legs and jaw.

"Then will you please take the

Still looking somewhat bewildered at the sudden call, Carter took the oath, and Langdon, after the prelimi-

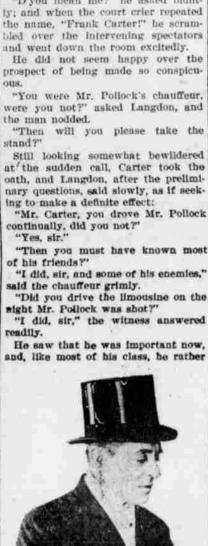
"Mr. Carter, you drove Mr. Pollock

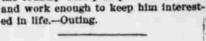
"Yes, sir." "Then you must have known most

"I did, sir, and some of his enemies,"

night Mr. Pollock was shot?" "I did, sir," the witness answered

He saw that he was important now,





Distant Thunder. If we count the seconds that elapse between our seeing a flash of lightning and our hearing the thunder we can tell how far off the thunderstorm is. As light travels 186,000 miles a second, we may for all practical purposes regard ourselves as seeing the lightning the instant it flashes. But sound travels only 1,087 feet a second. If, then, we multiply 1,087 by the number of seconds that elapse after the flash before we hear the thunder we get the distance that lies between us and the storm. If we count five seconds the flash is a mile away. As a rule, we do not hear the thunder at all if the storm is more than from twelve to fifteen miles away from us. But the rule has exceptions. In Symons' Meteorological Magazine Mr. Harold Wilson reports that last August he saw two flashes of lightning in the west northwest of England and only heard the thunder after intervals of 115 and 112 seconds respectively. He calculates that the first flash occurred 24.4 miles and the second flash 23.8 miles away. Professor Alexander S. Herschel, it is said, heard the thunder that followed a flash of lightning forty-four miles from where he was,

language, but this claim is answered by the assertion that the present spelling very materially infringes upon former methods. Upon this point a correspondent of the New York Times says: We have only to go back a very short way in order to see the modern upstart character of what is called historical spelling. We now write "pleasure," "measure" and "feather," but not very long ago these words were spelled "plesure," "mesure," "fether." Again, "tung" and "yung," as spelled by Speaser, have a more historical aspect than "tongue" and "young." Why write "girdle" when the old spelling was "girdel?" The only answer to this argument and similar ones is that our immediate ancestors learned how to

Historic Spelling.

There is a sentiment against simpli-

fied spelling because it tends to destroy

the historical continuity of the English

spell better than our remote ancestors, which is only claiming that the makers with him after the performance, did of the words left their spelling to succeeding generations, which is absurd. There is abundant proof that our ancestors were better spellers than the suc-

ceeding generations.-Ohio State Jour-

The chauffeur was very emphatic. "Do you meen that there was no one in the car except Mr. Pollock?"

'Mr. Pollock went into the hotel alone."

enjoyed his sudden plunge into the

"Did Mr. Pollock take anyone to

"Did he give you any instruction



Langdon Had Been at the Office Most of the Night.

You see, I am an extra, not a regular waiter in the dining-room." Langdon drew a deep breath and

fald his hand on the other's stooped

and servile shoulder. "This is not the place to talk," he id quietly. "You'd better come down my office with me. I have a few nutes yet before the recess is over." The man bowed, and Langdon, turning, led the way into the private room beyond the court room, and waving the waiter to a chair, sat down him-

self on the edge of the table.